### WORD OF THE LORD

The Rev. Talmage Preaches a Sermon

Showing the Necessity of Bright and Plaus Lives in This World of Care and Sorrow.

Lospos, July 3 .- Dr. Talmage conmes to receive from all classes of the glish people the warmest of welcomes and the heartiest greetings. The work of scranging his tour has been exdingly difficult. So numerous were the invitations awaiting him that to accept some and decline others equally ing seemed invidious. Wherever he has gone the largest churches in the tes have been crowded to excess and ould have been filled many times over. Among the sermons he has preached, he one selected for publication this m "What shall I do with Jesus"

Pilate was an unprincipled politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right and desires to be honest; but all these ere submerged by a wish to be popular nd to please the people. Two distinsished prisoners were in the grasp of vernment and the proposition was as, the murderer; there stands rist, the Saviour of the world. At the demand of the people the renegate is set free, but Jesus is held. As the ard visaged and cruel eyed Barabbas goes among his sympathisers, receiving their coarse congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner ficing and he is confounded as to course he had better take, so he impenels the mob as a jury to decide, saying to them, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus"

ion, but one that throbs with warm and nick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do some-hing with Jesus. He is here. You and are not so certainly here as he is, for be fills all this place—the loving, living, lying Christ—and each one of us will have to ask and answer for himself the westion, "What shall I do, then, with erest" Well, my friends, there are hree or four things you can do with

WHEN JESUS COMES. You can, in the first place, let him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your sense of common sourcesy will allow that. He comes will certainly give him a chair on which he may sit. He is so weary, you would not let him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say, "What do you recognize him and say, "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say, "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity, and your common sympathy, and your common sense of propriety will not allow you to let him stand without secognition, the wounded was him weep? where was he hurt? who wounded him? whence came he? whither goes he? I know there have been men who have with outrageous indifference hated Christ, but I know very well that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

Another thing you can do with him you can thrust him back from your part and tell him to stand aside. If inoffensive person comes and per-s in standing close up to you, and have in various ways given him to orstand that you do not want his ce or his society, then you ask the of his impertinence and bid him Well, that is what we can do

ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow. He been in the nursery among your sildren, he has been in the store among our goods, he has been in the factory said the flying wheels, and now if you to not like his society you can bid him way; aye, if he will not go you can also him by the throat and tell him you to not want his interference, that you to not want his breath on your ek, that you do not want his eye on havior. You can bid him away; if he will not go in that way, then you can stamp your foot as you would as a dog and cry "Begone!"

Yet I know you will not treat Jesus hat way. When Pilate could not do hat, you could not. Desperadoes and outes might do so, but I know that that s not the way you will treat him, that at is not what you will do with Josus. re is another thing you can do with -you can look on him merely as an rian to oure blind eyes, or an anrist tune deaf ears, a friend, a good ed, a helpful companion, a cheerful tenger on shipboard; but that will cent to nothing.

PRAR NOT SUFFICIENT. on can look upon him as a God and hashed while he rouses the storm, limits a fig tree, or heaves a rock a the mountain side. That will not you any good—no more save your at than the admiration you have for an Milton or William Shakespeare. think of only one more thing you do with Joses, and that is to take im into your hearts. That is the best mly safe thing you can do with him, and may the Lord omnipotent by his spirit help me to persuade you to do that. A minister of Christ was speak-ing to some children and said, "I will et you to Christ." A little child rose in the audience and came up and put her hand in the hand of the paster and

I want to go now." Oh, that it might e now with such simplicity of experience that you and I join hands and seek after Christ and get an expression of his benefaction and his mercy!

TO A LONDON CONGREGATION can you trust? I do not offer you a dry, theological technicality. I simply ask you to come and put both feet on the "Rock of Ages." Take hold of Christ's hands and draw him to your soul with perfect abandonment and huri yourself into the deep sea of his mercy. He comes and says, "I will save you." If you do not think he is a hypocrite and a liar when he says that, believe him and say: "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is

my heart. Wash it. Save it. Do it now. Aye, it is done; for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more. That is all thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine. Pardon is mine. Heaven is mine."

Why, my friends, you put more trust in everybody than you do in Christ, and in everything; more trust in the bridge crossing the stream, in the ladder up to the loft; more trust in the stove that confines the fire; more trust in the cook sek is from the text, Matthew xxvii, that prepares your food; more trust in the ciefk that writes your books, in the druggist that makes the medicine, in the bargain maker with whom you trade-more trust in all these things than in Christ, although he stands this moment offering without limit and without mistake and without exception universal pardon to all who want it. Now is not that chesp enough-all

things for nothing?
This is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it—that if you believe that Christ died to save you you are saved. When? Now. No more doubt about it than that you sit there. No more doubt about it than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had com-mitted five hundred thousand transgreesions, Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one; though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes—arson, and blasphemy, and murder—Christ would pardon you just as freely, you coming to him, as though you had committed only the slightest ain of the

THE BOUNDLESS LOVE. Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul he stops for nothing. Height is nothing. Depth is nothing. Enormity is nothing. Protractedness is nothing. O'er sine like mountains for their size, The seas to sovereign grace expand, The seas of sovereign grace arise.

Lord Jesus, I give up all other propa, give up all other expectations. Ruined and undone, I lay hold thee. I plead thy promises. I fly to thy arms. "Lord, save me; I perish."

When the Christian commission went

into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread, and the delegate of the commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said, "Cut those slices thinner, or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegate cut the slices very thin and handed the bread around until they all had some, but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of econwithout recognition—the wounded one blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this Gospel. Bread for all; bread enough and to spare. Why perish with

Again, I advise you, as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take him into your love. Now there are two things which make us love any one-inherent attractiveness, and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now Christ is in both these positions. Inherent attractiveness—fairer than the children of men, the luster of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lip. In a heaven of holy beings, the best. In a heaven of mighty ones, the strongest. In a heaven of great hearts, the tender-

est and the most sympathetic. Why, sculpture has never yet been able to chisel his form nor painting to present the flush of his cheek nor music to strike his charms; and the greatest surprise of eternity will be the first mo-ment when we rush into his presence and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture we cry out, "This is Jeeus!"

His worth, if all the nations knew, Sure, the whole earth would love him too.

Has he not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside royal authority, went down among the ship carpenters to help them, but Russia got the chief advantage of that conde-scension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements and went around prisons to spy out their sorrows and to relieve their wrongs, but English criminals got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifizion for you and me.

If I were hopelessly in debt and some one came and paid my debts, and gave me a receipt in full, and called off the pack of hounding creditors; if I were on a foundering size, and you came in a lifeboat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without rendering you a service or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we to feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our ain and plucked us out! Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our heart into the warmest, aye, a red hot glow? The story is so old that peopis almost got asleep when they are hearing it. And yet there he hangs-

Jesus the man, Jesus the God. Was there anything before or since. anything to be compared to this spec-tacle of generosity and woe? Did heart strings ever map with a worse torture? Were tears ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood over guah, in each glob-

said: "Fisuse, sir, take me to Jesus now. ule the price of a soul? The wave of earthly malice dashed its bloody foam against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against his other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against ain beat on his thorn pierced brow, and all the hosts of darkness with gleaming

lances rampages through his hely soul.
Oh, see the dethronement of heaven's king! the conqueror fallen from the white horse! the massacre of a God! Weep, ye who have tears, over the lone-liness of his exile and the horrors of his

darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad, the great for the mean; the infinite for the finite, the God for the man. Oh, if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Saviour's love, show me where he is that I may mark the monster of incratitude and of grins. If you ster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as he is you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves sown at his feet, crying, "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my expectation, my heaven, my all! Jesus! Jesus!"

HE HAS DONE ENOUGH. Oh, can you not love him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more. Do you want more of his blood? His arteries were emptied dry, and the iron hand of azony could bress out nothing more. Would you put him to worse ex-cruciation? Then drive another nail into his hand, and plunge another spear into his side, and twist another thorn into his crown, and hish him with another flame of infernal torture. "No," says some one; "stop! stop! he shall not be smitten again. Enough the tears. Enough the blood. Enough the torture. Enough the agony." "Enough," cries earth. "Enough," cries heaven. Aye, "Enough," cries hell. At last enough.

Oh, look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and ghastly as they flung him from the tree, his wounds gaping for a bandage. Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. Howl, ye winds, and howl, ye seas, for your Lord is dead. Oh, what more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price? Could he drink a more bitter cup? Could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Groan again, O blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Groan again. Put the four fingers and the thumb of thy wounded hand upon them, that the gash in the palm may strike their soul and thy warm life may bleed into them. Groan again, O Jesus, and see if they will not

Oh, what will you do with such a Christ as that? You have got to do something with him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slay him again by your sin? Will you spit upon him again? Will you crucify him again? What will you do with him who has loved you with more than a brother's love, more than a father's love, yea, more than a mother's love, through all these years. Oh, is it not enough to make the hard heart of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! What shall we do with

THE SOUL'S GREAT CHANCE.

I have to say that the question will af-ter awhile change, and it will not be what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say: "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whose soul I importuned. But they would not any of my ways. I gave them innumerable nities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart; I never know you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Halt, ye destinies of eter-nity, and give us one more chance. One more chance, and this is it.

Some travelers in the wilderness of Australia a few years ago found the skeleton of a man and some of his garments, and a rusty kettle on which the man had written or scratched with his finger nail these words: "O God, I am dying of thirst. My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst! We take hold of them today. We try to bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" God, thy father, awaits thee. Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul bend now this moment over this immortal auditory to see what we will do with Jesus.



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